

6 STRANGE
N E W W E S

GUILDHALL
LONDON
Bartholomew-Fair,

OR, THE

Wandering-Whore
DISCOVERED,

Her Cabinet unlockt, her Secrets laid open,

unvail'd, and spread abroad in *Whore and Bacon-lane, Duck-*
street and the Garrison of Pye-Corner.

With the exact manner of conveyeing St.

Jameses Bawbies to St. Bartholomews-Fair, for the use of all the
Noble Heftors. Trappans, Pimps, Dicks merry Cullys
and mad-conceited Lads of *Great-Bedlam.*

Also the mad flights, merry-conceits tricks, whimsies and quillerts used by
the *Wandering-Whore*, her Bawds, Mobs, Panders, Pads and Trulls
for the drawing in of young Heftors, with the manner of
her Traffick by Morter-pieces, and new inven-
ted Engines never discovered before.

By PETER ARETINE.

LONDON, Printed for *Theobalds* *Murray* 1661.

GUILDHALL
LONDON
BRAY

Large



BY PETER M. ...

LONDON: Printed for ...

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CONFERENCE

BETWIXT

The Wandering-whore, Bonny

*Bess of Whore and Bacon Lane, merry Moll of Duck
street, and pretty Peg of Py-corner.*

Bonny Bette.

W Hat Newes now Merry *Moll*? Is trading
quick or dead?

Moll. As dead as a dore Nail, but
whether away so fast *Bette*?

Bettee. To seek for imployment that
I may be able to hold out a *Winters* siege.

Moll. What is thy design, or how do you intend to go
on with the work.

Bette. I am just now going to see the dancing on the ropes;
for except I can draw out a *Dick* or two from thence, to view
my rare agility of Body on the ground, with bending back-
ward and forward, heaving, thrusting and other Recreation,

A 2

I shall

I shall have little profit this Fair ; yet I know our tumbling exceeds their recreation as far as Gold doth the evacuation of a young Gentlewomans back Salliport ; but how trad'it thou Pegg ?

Peg. Marry, I meet with merry He&ctors, and trade with none but such as come on nobly. fall on neatly ; and retire gallantly ; they give me *Py-corner* Law and *Py-corner* pay, and I am contented to the life.

Moll. Well then, thou hast the quintessence of happiness, we enjoy no pleasure like thine, no nor profit neither ; for though we get by our Canns, we lose by Informers and such like valets that steal away our profit, so that I am destitute of any thing but the P--- and the praise, a common benefit to all the Female sex ; but I want the half-Crowns, through neglect of a Chuck-Office.

Beite. Would I had thought of that before, I might then have borrow'd *Jack-a-Newberrys* six Wind-mills, they being hung out at my door would have brought custom enough, but now I must lose a Hog for a half-penny-worth of Tar, for custom is so dull, there's nothing to be got but by impudence, which I am well furnished with, but dare not be too publick, lest like our dear sister *Tory Rory*, I be forc'd to bear out my living at the Hemp-block, or be transported as some of my brethren were yesterday. Yet hang sorrow, fear no colours, for they that want impudence, may be supply'd here with Kettles, Pans, Ladles, Skillers or Skimmers, to rub their Faces on, whereby they may be as well brass'd as any Morter-piece that was in St. *Jameses Fair* ; therefore let's venture a hazzard, all are not taken that use our profession ; but stay who comes here, the *Wandering-whore* ?

*I think 'tis she, if not, my eyes grow dull,
'tis she I saith, see how she spreads her sails,
View but the Motto on her standard Moll,
two rampant VVh--- are turning up their Tangles.*

Wandering

(2)

VVand. VVh--- The very same in sooth, for I have wandred too and fio through the Fair, pickt up many a *Dick* and gull'd many a Cully of his Nab, tipt his bung, and sent his Callee to *Egypt*, but this is nothing to the high Trade I drive at home, when they come there, I spread my Colours, and receive the Spanish Rogue into my *French* quarters, where he turn'd the Pig so long till one of his best members was lost in the dripping-pan, yet the Jack-weights are secure and hang fast still, but this whelp of *Scoggin* complains of a losse I never was, or at least will be sensible of, which was by a pinch in the Pocket, but that I own not his which I my self have in possession.

*For when the Cole is gone, the simple Elf
Is not the owner of it, but my self.*

Bette. But Sister, how drive you this Trade, to insert anothers account so neatly in the Almanack of your Pocket?

VVand.-VVh--- By two long fingers made for that purpose, to dive into the Pockets of such Gulls, who after the receipt of two or three Cups, forget the strength of their own Estates.

Moll. That's a pure strain, But how do you begin, or what means use you forr the enticing young Hectors into your Garrison?

VVand.-VV--- To entice young punys. I lyt as open as Noon-day, sit down at the dore, set one foot to the right, the other to the left, as far distant as I can spread my imperfect Limbs, and cry Lads. her's a can of the best liquor in the fair, claping my hand on my market-place, and saying, here's your Ware boys, which invitation with a wink, a smile and a chuck under the Chin, brings in the bonny Lads as easily as a hungry soul eats dry bread.

Peg. And I for my part cry, here boys, here's the best Pigs head in the Fair, a rare quarter of Lamb, pure Mutton, and the best buttock bief in England; but how comes in your profit when they are in your Garrison?

VVandring

(4)

Wandering-W--- I spread my shrouds, unvail my Cabinet: disclose my secrets, and open the pure Linnen Curtains that hang before my chief Fortress, drink a Cann or two, smooke, sing old Rose, dance, and when the Gull is elivated, I lull him asleep as *Delilah* did *Sampson*, and then turn *Philistine*, tip his Bung, and deprive him of the strength of his Estate, so he rises when he awakes as poor as *Job*, thinking he hath been in Heaven when indeed newly crept out of the Devils Vestry, marching off like a senceless piece of inquiry, not thinking of his losse till he comes into the Fair, to lay out his mony in Bawbles for his sweet-heart, it may be in Gloves, Ribbons, Rings, Beads, Bracelets or other such like Fancies, yet coming to pay, diving in his Pocket for Coal, he finds all as clear as a room new swept; thus by my free entertainment, I free him from the sin of covetousnesse.

Mol. And I in good sooth am as Common and free to my Customers, as a Cream-pot to a Dary maid, and that brings them in as fast as water runs through a scieve. They come in with their fowl Pipes, and I like an able Doctress cleanse them with a P----

I clear the stem and also burn the bowle
Till it's as white as Pot-hooks or Char-coale.

Peg. I but tell me, what dost thou do with a company of Varlets call'd Permoiers, for I am more plagu'd with them then any other vermine whatever?

Mol. Marry *Peg*, in our Duck quarters, if they once appear, we know the Knaves so well, that we put them in an upper room, then borrow a quart pot, and fill that frothing fall to blind them, whilest we pinch the Cans of our Gulls to secure our own profit.

*For though by them our getting is but small
The noble Hostess sure to pay for all.*

Mol. Come you are an old wandering Who-- know all Postures, and turn up your tayl to all sorts of Culls, what do you

you for a contented Coxcomb to keep the dore, whilst you do exercise with your Hectors, by the Furks entering the Castle of Comfort?

Wand.-Wh-- I tell the *Moll*, though my husband be a mere Mopus to a man of mettle, yet my *Gusmond* is a man able to defend me; and a pure Rogue that I dare trust with the Cabinet of *Venus*, with the Key to unlock it, and indeed with all my secrets; Hee'l Pimp purely for half a Crown a day besides his Vails, I and Trapan young Gallants too, whereby my Trade daily increases, Customers come in nimble, and go out as merrily as thieves to *Tiburn*.

*So to the world my Hector young appears,
when he comes out with nought but hanging Ears.*

Bess. I'll tell thee *Peg* I thrive as well as any of them all, for a young Bump coming late to *Bacon-Lane*, full of Coale, my pretty Mob *Nell* with the wink of an eye drew him in to my Garrison, we two so smoakt him, after a collation of bread and Bacon, that by drinking, sporting and kissing the fool lost his purse, but how he knew not; for the reckoning being suddenly brought in, his Quids were vanisht, his pocket saying *No point Larshon*, the pennyless puppy, supposing his Bung had bin tipt in the Fair before he came in, was forc'd to leave his Callee for the reckoning; this *Justin* being a zealot was loath to tumult lest he should be discovered: therefore he durst not out-face us, whose impudence might well have startl'd a more able Hectors. Yet when the Bump was marcht off; we sustained by his losse 5 pound advantage towards our house-rent, a few such Jobs at Lady-fair will find Puppy-dog-water for the refreshing our beautys till next Fair: besides silk-Gowns Smock-petty-Coats and White-Aprons.

*Thus did this Gull for fear our secrets smother
Left he should counted be a sinful Brother.
We gave him leave to drink, to sport and play,
Whilst we his Purse and Coal convey'd away.*

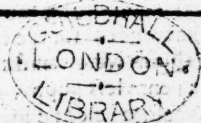
Pig.

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Peg. Sister *Bette* let's away, break off our discourse and betake our selves to our heels, for here comes two pittifull fellows call'd *Beadles*, therefore our best way is to secure our own quarters.

Bette. Come be of good chear, but let's not make more hast then good speed, go fare and softly, least jealousie cause suspicion, and they seize on us before our time, for these *Bloed-hounds* will soon scent enough by our discourse to put a stop to our further trading.

*For if our secrets should discover'd be
We know the worst, a whipping sets us free.*



FINIS

